

# As A Spectre of Europa...

*A brief essay by K3v3n Se^en  
55 days into the Earth Year of 2016*

## Defining the Fierce Metronome before you:

Vibration is the monster.

You are the monster. You were the monster before your birth. Your skin is a monster's skin, your thoughts are the thoughts of a monster.

This is your nature.

To spend the moment we're allowed in this place, consumption, a requirement, armed you with fangs, claws, appetite, lust.

Appetite if not base, is not pure.

An atrophied lust will turn inward, frack your mind for something to covet, fail, kill you.

This is not a problem.

This is *the only* problem:

To eat your fill, obtain all you lust after, will initially find you unconscious of your unconsciousness, your coma separate, at odds, *dissonant*.

Coma's natural frequency, *pitted against that of its host* ends in madness.

Zero against One.

No victor.

A binary eternity of struggle, the dust of advantage soiling each in turn, imperceptible when changing hands, perpetuity of a very short duration will be yours.

Zero, unconscious, sated, made furious by its satisfaction will falter, as all that rage can be counted on to bring about.

Consumed with fear, One is unable to judge if a misstep warrants an advance, timid, robbed of aggression when Zero split the monster – their host

Observational layers are in the monster's hide.

Rage contains a component of defeat.

This is it's nature.

Timidity allows for reflection, calculation.

Zero, vulnerable, the same vulnerability One experiences facing rage.

Cunning in the presence of rage, ever more illusory. Hesitation the result. The death of both, racing, to

arrive without notice.

*A single chance, **one blow**, if delivered lacking a purity of courage, glances off, death appears, feeds as Zero forces One to embrace it's rage, ending their moment or experience in the frozen glow of a single spark.*

One, the timid, has the bravery forgotten by Zero – he'd filled himself with rage which has no purpose other than to rage.

*A brave thrust confidently landed, brings conflicted frequencies closer, there is recognition, effort to unite, sympathetic tones, ancestral, familiar unknowns *ring, double, treble, begin to **stand**.**

Such a split, a self-imposed schizophrenia cannot be overcome without **surrender**.

Zero will rage at One until his rage no longer has any effect. For the effect to fall away, reason, only sufficiently available to One, must be acted upon.

The nature of surrender is not relinquishing freedom.

Surrender's nature embraces freedom, will introduce it to you, advise it to carefully assist.

The level of freedom experienced during the monster's brief encounter with appetite, with lust, will not be fulfilling if approached from belief.

The understanding of appetite, to know that lust is circular, infinite, both interdependent on the other isn't within the monster's cache.

Successful monsters, a Zero and a One cohabiting a skin, have been smiled on by evolution; their bloodlines have shown surrender comes more easily to them, 14 Trillion to 1 odds have been applied, offering them a moment which, if undertaken carefully, benefits many.

Sensitive observational layers, prove to these monsters, in a short time, they're indeed monsters. Awareness of themselves as monsters leads to surrender – genetically accepting facts concerning limitations, the monster naturally allows himself to be guided, in all things, unknowingly, prospering while doing so.

The monster of vibration, lacking the faculties to discard the poorly derived belief that, the *moment allowed him* can be *traversed unassisted*, will be considered **infantile within monsterdom** thus damaging the bloodline of the species as a whole.

Responding to even the slightest hint they may not know what lies ahead, by accepting the limits of inexperience *as fact*, to choose to pass through this place *with their moment, invite the playfulness of not knowing what happens next*, will realize fulfillment, *without* promise of reward other than what's available *in the now*, void of the fear caused by a *threat* of punishment if there are momentary lapses in what little reason monsters possess, *they and their moment **will span each other in harmony**.*

Freedom, misused is slavery. To be vigilant in your surrender *is to be content*. Associations with those professing happiness is to invite peril. Strive to remain open, to listen, or not, inquire, absorb, consider, and most of all **create something for all to benefit from**.

Perhaps the collections of frequencies contained herein, will offer comfort, entertain, provide joy and camaraderie.

Thank you for the time you've allotted to follow protocol.  
Have fun dear monsters.